Colourless

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by Outlawed_00

Summary

New laws state that angels will be moved around every two years, throwing off Hannibal's plan for Will. Whatever he wanted to do for Will, he would have to find a way to do so within the limit that had been placed on keeping angels. He wants Will in any way that he can have him, and he fears what will happen to Will if he does not fight to keep him.

Will is starting to close in on the Chesapeake Ripper on a whole new level, starting to understand him and what he does to his victims. Demons and angels alike are being targeted by this man, and Will knows that he sees his victim as pigs. He recognises one of the victims and starts to suspect that Hannibal knows more than he lets on, but also keeps his sights on the darkness he recognises within Hannibal. Has the darkness always been there? Or is Will finally just starting to see the darkest part of Hannibal?

"I believe the only way to reform people is to kill them," - Carl Panzram

Notes

Hello! I made this all for the ones who wanted another one. Normally I would wait for all of the other chapters to be finished before I published, but I decided, *"Hey, why not anyway?"* So here we are! I hope that you enjoy this!! Also! I highly suggest you read the first books in this series so you can understand this better. You don't have to, but it helps.

Chapter 1

Chapter Notes

> Right, so it's a little bit late. Very late — I was taking a mental health break, and re-writing this story. I'm still in the process of re-writing but because I don't want to keep you waiting too long, here you go! This is obviously slow to update, but I haven't given up on this! I'm actually doing a bit of poetic research, I guess you could say, to make Hannibal's dialogue feel like Hannibal, if that makes any sense.

The new laws on angel slaves had officially passed and Will had two more years with Hannibal starting today, crushing him and all hope he had of ever keeping the peace he had discovered so far. The only way to get around the law was if a demon and angel were mated and two alphas were close to impossible and that left room for Ezekiel to tease him, which only seemed to get worse and worse as the days went by.

Will felt that he was so close to snapping, but the only thing that stopped him from killing Ezekiel were his instincts. More than once, he'd caught himself stalking towards the omega with the desire to kill, but he'd never been able to carry it out completed.

Hannibal also seemed much farther away now that Will had pushed himself away from the other alpha. It was hard to watch the disappointment in Hannibal's eyes when his friendly advancements were ignored. It only got worse when the law had passed, and Will realised he was grieving over something he hadn't even lost yet. It made him angry and scared to find out what would happen to him, but he knew he should not have expected too much from demons anyway. It was the world they lived in now and it didn't seem like it would be changed any time soon.

He started to fly off more and more frequently, even exercising out of stress. He'd been looking more and more like how he used to, even if he did not really get much sleep. Omegas still looked at him as he walked by when he went out in public, and even if he had never had much of an alpha physique, he was still an alpha no matter how any other person looked at it.

"You've been looking healthier lately," Hannibal commented, studying him.

"Mhm," Will hummed quietly, his eyes narrowing at Hannibal.

Ezekiel was oddly quiet, but Will *did* feel the omega's eyes on him, roaming over his body. That made him smirk and he sent a small glare towards Ezekiel, making the little omega jump. The look didn't go unnoticed by Hannibal, and he watched the two of them curiously as he deciphered Ezekiel's scared reaction.

The omega obviously found Will attractive, but that only seemed to annoy the omega even more. Will found it empowering that the omega submitted to him more and more.

Hannibal noticed the confidence when Ezekiel looked away from him and found it arousing. The other alpha was becoming more confident, but also slightly more aggressive than usual and he found that he liked that. Although, he had the feeling it had to do with the new laws on slavery.

Angels had to be moved around every two or three years now, depending on if the master decides to keep them the extra year. When it was time for Will to go, he'd be put under the supervision of another demon who would be just as bad as Mason was or worse.

But he was sure that wasn't the full thought, there was more to the story on why Will was acting so much different that he usually does. It happened before the laws on angel slavery were passed, and Hannibal *hated* not knowing.

Dinner went by almost too quick and Will was looking through those crime scene photos that Hannibal had picked up for him. There was an increase of Will's hallucinations afterwards, but he came up with some type of new information every day on the killings.

Hannibal had never felt closer to Will than he did when Will was looking over *his* murders. The Chesapeake Ripper's murders. Will looked beautiful when he was lost in thought and Hannibal wanted to break him down further.

Will was almost ready to see the real him, but not just yet. Now he had the problem of Will being taken from him in two years, so he would have to work faster. He was aware two alphas could not mate, but he would try to find a way around the system. Nothing could take him away from Will; he wouldn't let it happen.

Will was getting more violent and agitated and he was taking it out on Ezekiel, but the omega was putting up a brutal fight for an omega. Their fights were picking up again, but Will was doing more damage than he used to, and the fights didn't seem to be over Hannibal anymore, they seemed to be over something a whole lot deeper.

Ezekiel was aware of what Will had done to his last master, but he was also aware of what he *could* do currently. It was three killers in one house, one more dangerous than the other and one hidden behind a thin veil.

The next day, Hannibal came home to Will bloodied with Ezekiel *actually* helping patch him up. His wings were ruffled up and there was a cut above his eye with blood dripping down into his left eye.

"What happened?" Hannibal demanded, startling both angels with his aggressive tone. Will looked up at him with one eye almost shut, his wing folded close to himself while the injured one hung downwards only slightly.

"Nothing..." Will said, almost sounding nervous. When Hannibal smelled the air, he could smell more than one demon coming from Will, one of them being an omega scent as well as

alpha. For once, he was looking to Ezekiel for help, and Hannibal was surprised by the sudden turn of events.

"Sorry, Will," Ezekiel sighed. "He got jumped by two other demons, a bonded pair I think," he said slowly.

"Will take off your shirt," Hannibal growled, his black eyes scaring the both of them. Will stood, his hands shaking as he unbuttoned his shirt. He didn't even resist, but when Hannibal saw the marks on his body, he felt angry. Even Ezekiel looked somewhat guilty. "Who did this?" He demanded.

"I was sneaking at a crime scene," Will admitted, shivering when Hannibal's fingers gently touched over the bite mark on his side. "I didn't expect to get jumped by demons. It's my fault for not being alert," he huffed, backing away from his touch.

"What did you do to them, Will?" Hannibal asked, his tail twitching. Will sucked in a breath, his fingers twitching by his side. "The blood on your shoes isn't yours, so what did you do?"

Even Ezekiel raised his head to stared at Will, his eyes narrowed in suspicion as Will stayed quiet. It was clear he'd fought back, but he wasn't sure how to ask Will what happened without watching him get lost within his own thoughts.

Will's breathing was becoming a bit more ragged and he could smell the anger coming from Will. His fangs were bared at Hannibal and he moved closer before backing off, his wings tense. It was clear he was not going to respond; he was still reliving the experience.

"I don't know," he replied slowly. "I can't... I don't remember," he added quickly, fidgeting. If Will couldn't remember what he'd done, then it was obvious that he didn't remember if he'd left any evidence behind. Will was clearly sleep deprived, but he wasn't sure of how bad until now. Ezekiel seemed to have the same idea; his eyes narrowed.

"Please tell me you at least covered up your tracks," the omega asked, his wing pressed tightly to his back as he stood up straight.

"Well, yeah," Will huffed. "I remember cleaning up and then flying here, I just don't remember killing them," he added, his fingers twitching at his side. Hannibal sighed, looking over to Ezekiel.

“I’ve got it from here,” Hannibal told the omega, watching him bound up the stairs. He turned to Will and gestured for him to follow, keeping an eye on the angel as he followed Hannibal. He was angry that another demon had left their mark on Will, but he supposed Will had already handled it. Still, his fangs ached to mark Will.

When they got to his office, Will’s eyes scanned the room. He’d never been allowed in there, but now that he was in there, he wanted to see everything for himself since he’d never explored here. What he saw on the inside made him a little embarrassed.

Hannibal had art pieces everywhere, but not only that, he had drawings of Will reading a book *and* asleep. He had somehow managed to make Will look angelic (like he once was

before the angels fell and were captured), but the fact that Hannibal had even drawn him was enough to make him blush.

He sat down quietly, and Hannibal gently tended to his wounds, whatever he was using burning the wounds on his arms and side. He flinched when Hannibal tried to tend to the wounds on his wings, drawing them in closer to himself.

“Will, I’m going to need to see your wings,” Hannibal said, his voice warm and soft. He always had the melodic sound to his voice that made Will want to do anything he told him to do, and he found he couldn’t resist. The demon was surprisingly very gentle, but Will couldn’t help but feel embarrassed at the intimacy of the action. Still, he was hesitant to let Hannibal touch his wings and he flinched every time Hannibal moved closer to the base of his wing. “Is it painful?”

“It’s not that it’s painful,” Will admitted, his ears turning red from embarrassment. “It’s just that… an angel’s wings are only supposed to be cared for by a close friend or a mate. Grooming and taking care of wings is seen as intimate. I normally don’t care… it’s lost it’s meaning but I still think about it,” he said softly and quietly.

“I could have just let Ezekiel do it then. You didn’t seem to have a problem with him touching them,” Hannibal said, sitting up straighter. “And the two of you fight every day,” he added.

“It’s not that. He just… he’s another angel so he understands. Not to be rude, but I don’t exactly feel safe with demons touching them,” Will told him. He just couldn't shake the feeling of Mason and the other demons out on the streets biting and tearing his feathers. To change the subject, he looked over to the sketch of him sleeping on the couch. “Since when have you started to draw me without my permission?” He huffed.

Hannibal’s eyes flashed for a second, a small smirk gracing his face. “I thought you looked beautiful, Will,” the way he said it made Will’s heart race. “You remind me of a fallen angel, yet you still retain that same angelic gracefulness from before the fall,” he ended, bandaging Will’s wing.

He couldn’t help himself, a purr escaping him at the gentleness being shown to his wings. Hannibal blinked at him, surprised by how Will reacted to the slightest gentle touch on his wings. The demon ran his fingers softly through the feathers, and Will didn’t protest.

Will acted starved of affection, but maybe he was. All of his plans for Will were coming to an abrupt end, but he still had two years left with the angel. He wanted to *keep* Will in any way that he could, even found himself longing for Will. He wondered if Will ached for him as well, ached for him like how he ached for the affection he’d been starved of for so long.

“Sorry,” Will said quietly, his wings tensing and drawing closer to himself. Hannibal frowned in displeasure, but he didn’t dare touch the angel’s wings again without permission.

“You keep denying yourself of things, Will. Even now, you’ve been here for nearly two years, but you still don’t give yourself a chance to experience the things you were meant to

experience," Hannibal sighed. Will looked up at him, furrowing his brows. "I'm here for you anytime you need anything, all you need to do is ask,"

"Then…" Will paused, looking a little unsure. He squinted at Hannibal, sucking in a breath before looking away. "I like it when you touch my wings," he said, relaxing his shoulders and wings.

There was another tense silence in the room, but only for a second. "Be direct, Will," Hannibal said, earning a small glare from Will.

"I want you to keep touching my wings," Will said, not meeting Hannibal's eyes. "I liked it," he added quieter, and Hannibal hummed.

Hannibal complied with the request, enjoying the silky feathers sliding between his fingers. It was clear that Will cared about his wings, and he wondered how having them broken and beaten made him feel before he made it to Hannibal.

The way Will carried himself wasn't with much confidence, but he held a certain pride about his wings that other angels seemed to have abandoned since the fall. He had every right to be proud of them, but when he looked at the angels that walked around wingless, with one wing or featherless wings, he noticed the depressed look in Will's eyes.

"They're beautiful, Will," Hannibal tested, watching the way his wings fluffed up at the compliment. His eyes even glowed slightly, brighter than how they glowed when he was angry.

"I'm grateful that they're not gone," Will said, a small smile on his face when he looked back at Hannibal. "When I see Ezekiel's wings, or the other angels' wings when we're going out, I feel scared. I almost lost my wings, they used to look battered and unclean and I even stopped caring about them. I can still feel the pain in them, I've almost forgotten what it was like to have them treated gently," he explained, and Hannibal felt the urge to kiss the angel's wings.

"I couldn't imagine how it would feel to suffer through that much torment for eight years," Hannibal hummed, feeling protective over the angel. "But I do know I wont let *anyone* touch you in such a way ever again," and the way Hannibal said it made Will quiver.

The possessiveness that Hannibal displayed made Will *want* to be loved by the demon instead of continuing to reject his feelings. For everything he was worth, he never thought that Hannibal would ever say this and mean it so deeply.

Will leaned back into Hannibal slightly, feeling the demon's tail around his waist. He was mostly tired and wanted to sleep, but he knew he could trust Hannibal.

He closed his eyes, enjoying the feeling of Hannibal's fingers running through his wings. Hannibal waited for Will for fall asleep before picking him up and moving him to his room since it was closer.

Later he would be making a trip to the crime scene to make sure Will didn't leave anything behind. It might not make much of a difference if the police had already found it, though. He brushed Will's hair back, watching him for a few minutes before leaving the room.

Will awoke in a room that wasn't his, but he didn't feel alarmed. It smelled like Hannibal, and he knew where he was as soon as he opened his eyes because it was one of the rooms he barely entered. The only thing he found strange was that Hannibal wasn't there.

He got up, feeling the bite on his side begin to ache and his muscles scream in protest. The events from the fight came back to him in a flash and he froze.

Will had to get a closer look, get to know the scene and why he chose it. The Ripper chose his victims and chose the spots to display them in for reasons that were only known to the Ripper. If he could only find out, why the Ripper had placed his last victim in the spot he did.

It wasn't out in the open like all of his other displays, but this time it was further away from the roads in a field. Someplace the owner of the land would find and maybe someplace that meant something to the victim.

The Ripper didn't care about his victims, he thought of them as pigs and they'd done something to wrong him. To Will, it was clear that the Ripper was patient and well thought out, always seemingly knowing when to strike.

He knew each of his victims, but whether they were personally or briefly, he wasn't sure yet. All he knew is that the Ripper was doing something with all the organs he was taking from his victims, but Will didn't want to investigate that further. Will was scared of finding out what the Ripper could do with those organs.

Will stood in the middle of the crime scene, falling into that one part in his thoughts that connected him to the Ripper. He could do it, he could feel the victim's fear, but more importantly; how the Ripper felt when setting up his body for display. The scene was intimate, it was beautiful, and it was speaking to him from another mind.

Footsteps sounded behind him and he turned, caught off guard by the two officers that were arriving. His eyes widened when he realised they were not just partners, but mates.

Both demons looked startled to see him there, but they also didn't give him the chance to speak. The omega pulled out her pistol and shot at him, and he thought of how it looked.

"Wait!" Will shouted, ducking underneath the bullet. It skimmed past the top part of his wing and he sucked in a breath, flapping his wings and lifting off the ground.

"It's the Ripper!"

Oh, they thought he was the Chesapeake Ripper coming to look back at his work. If they'd paid attention to the Ripper, they'd know that he was above that.

Will grit his teeth and flew upwards, not expecting the alpha to grip his ankle by their tail and sling him to the ground. The barbed edge of the alpha's tail cut into his wing when she

slapped it down on his wing and he grunted in pain, his eyes wide.

"Stop, wait! I'm-!" The alpha lunged at him; fangs ready to pierce him. If he didn't think quick, he'd be killed before he went back to Hannibal's place and then he'd never be able to find out who the Ripper was. The fact that they thought he was the Ripper would most likely offend the true killer.

Will rolled over quickly, avoiding the alpha successfully. If he really wanted to make the alpha mad, he'd go for the omega and make the alpha listen.

That was exactly what he did, his body flinging towards the omega, fangs biting through the fabric on her arm. He'd have to dispose of the clothes later to avoid being caught through saliva, but they also didn't have his records on hand, so it was fine.

He flapped his wings, lifting the both of them into the air. His eyes glowed a dim and angry blue as he stared down at the alpha on ground, staring up at them with scared eyes. Will wasn't playing around, and he had every intention of killing the omega to survive and get home.

It wasn't like him to be so hostile, to be so angry. Had he been like he was before the war; he would never had killed another person. He was vulnerable right now, his thoughts flooded with the Ripper's intentions of murder.

"I just told you I wasn't the Ripper," Will hissed out, his hand squeezing into the omega's throat and hearing the omega whimper in his grasp pitifully. It fuelled his desire even more, feeling his own arousal at being able to kill such a weak creature. This wasn't him, and he tried to think rationally about this, but the monster inside of him wanted this to happen more than he wanted to end it. "Had you listened-" he couldn't remember what was going on.

The alpha said something and drew their gun, intending to kill him. They were mates, were they not? Will flew higher, dropping the omega and listening to her scream.

The demon stopped what she was doing, dropping the gun and lunging towards her mate, her eyes wide in alarm. Her desire to protect was the only thing keeping her moving and Will dived downwards to attack the demon head on.

Both of them rolled to the ground, her horns scraping Will's belly slightly as he flared his wings and bit down on her shoulder. "FUCK!" She screeched, biting into his side. He could feel pain travelling through his legs and then travelling up his spine at the spot here she'd bitten him.

Will tore out her throat with his teeth enjoying the gurgling sound coming from the other demon's lips. He felt animal as he did so, his body shuddering at the relief and anger seeping from him. All those years of being tormented and treated as a slave by these barbarians have finally gotten to him and twisted him into something almost unrecognisable.

His movements were almost robotic when the demons stopped breathing, standing upright and looking at the blood pooling at his feet. There was no time to prepare, and he was more damaged than he'd thought he would be, but he had to move quickly.

More officers would be arriving soon and if he was caught here, he'd be killed without hesitation. He dragged the bodies, his eyes almost void of any emotions as he hung their bodies from the trees.

It looked like a message when he did so, but not to the law. It was to the demons; it was to the Ripper. Will moved, taking off their clothing but keeping their undergarments on.

The monster inside of him knew what to do, so he let it take over and control him like when he killed Mason and the other demon and displayed him in the city.

He cleaned up the whole scene, watching out for the feathers that had fallen from his wings when the demon's barbed tail slapped into him. Will's breathing was ragged as he tried to recall what he'd done, his eyes looking around the scene.

When his eyes landed on his own artwork, he shivered but he didn't feel shameful at all. It was like he wasn't Will anymore, but that he was changing into whatever was inside of him and all he could think was; they deserved it.

Will opened the door, pausing when he saw that Hannibal was also going to open the door, his eyes trailing up the demon's form until he met his eyes. He wanted to look away like he normally did, but he ended up staring instead, almost as if he was nervous for what Hannibal was going to say.

"Good… morning," Will said nervously, tilting his head. Hannibal smiled at him and then he looked away, avoiding eye contact.

"I must say, you should have been more careful," Hannibal said, holding up a newspaper. "After all, they now believe another killer is trying to get into contact with the Ripper,"

Will visibly paled, reading over the headline almost sickly:

Another Killer Reaching Out for the Ripper!

He sighed, thinking that it was a stupid headline, but kept on reading.

Yesterday evening two officers were found dead at the location of the Chesapeake Ripper's latest victim. Their bodies were strung up naked and hung on display. One of them was a chief and her newest recruit, but their deaths closely resemble a murder displayed on the edge of the city where a male alpha had been dismembered and hung.

The alpha female had her throat ripped out, most likely from another alpha's fangs- much like the one hung in the city- and she had scratch marks all over her body. Her recruit had every bone in her body broken, most likely dropped from up high.

Speculations are being made on this killer's identity and some believe that it could be an angel from the way that the recruit had been killed-

Will stopped reading, shoving the paper away and frowning. It wasn't like he was ashamed, but he felt something akin to excitement when he read what they had to say. It was clear that he wasn't really thinking properly -that the monster inside of him was taking over.

He always knew where the monster inside of him lurked, knew what would happen to him if he'd let it escape. With the recent events over the decade, he'd been forced to let it free just to save himself.

The monster wanted revenge, loved how it felt to give them the same treatment that was given to him. His fingers twitched at the feeling of having their lives in his hands and he just almost gave in again. Maybe Hannibal would have been the next victim if he did -he didn't want that to happen.

The monster (Will) inside of him was preening, putting himself on display for the Ripper. Will felt like he was calling out for the Ripper, and he knew that deep down, that was what those bodies were for.

"They're stupid," Will scoffs out of impulse. "I've always hated reporters, and their stupid speculations even more," he added, rolling his eyes.

"These were your… *victims*," but the way that Hannibal said it made him sound almost proud. "I'm aware that it wasn't for the Ripper, but it does look that way. Especially when you've killed at his crime scene, he's probably going to be riled up," he said.

"No doubt about it. The Ripper is a narcissist; he wants to be seen and heard. All of his victims have done something to him at some point, but it's not clear what they've done," Will said, chewing the inside of his cheek.

"Do you believe there is more to the Ripper, Will?" Hannibal asked.

"Of course. He's an artist, and at the very least, the most he does for his victims is present them beautifully. He re-shapes them, wants them to be beautiful and contribute to something rather than wasting their life. The Ripper thinks of them as pigs and he shows them to the world as they are, but that is also their redemption," Will said, his fingers twitching. "I just don't know what he does with the organs yet," he added, sighing.

Something in Hannibal's eyes flashed, almost as if he was proud. It set alarms off in Will's head, and he tried to start connecting strings before it disappeared.

His mind was scrambling for pieces and losing them rather quickly and he was left with a blank before too long. When he looked into Hannibal's eyes again, he squinted as if to see what it was that was tipping him off.

The only thing he found was an invitation, but he didn't know what for.

"What makes you so certain he feels contempt for his victims?" Hannibal asked.

"Because of how he displays them," Will breathed out. "They're ugly on the inside. It's his way of showing the world how disgusting they really were. He's aware of what people find

disgusting -what unsettles them,"

"Really? Then what unsettles you? Did you not find it unsettling?" He asked. Will opened, then closed his mouth.

If he told Hannibal that he found it beautiful, what would his reaction be? Will thought that the Chesapeake Ripper was an ominous figure to both demons and angels, that he was a punisher of some sort. Maybe he was too good, too charming in the way that he presents his kills almost like a taunt. He could feel the Ripper calling out to him, pressing into him and goading him into killing someone for him and his mouth felt dry. The Ripper was a god amongst his people, truly beautiful and majestic, a great artist and possibly even a thief that took from the unworthy.

He tensed, looking anywhere but Hannibal's eyes as he felt almost attracted to the Ripper. That monster inside of him looked out to the Ripper as an equal, as an unknown figure to conquer. It had always been inside of him, looking out for a suitable mate and it thinks that it's found one inside of the Ripper, inside of his artworks as a fan would be to her idol.

The obsession tingled within Will, and he realised that-

"Will?" Hannibal questioned, snapping him out of his thoughts.

"Right," Will breathed out before sucking in a breath. "I don't find that much about the Ripper unsettles me, per say. I told you that I could empathise with killers, so I know what it's meant to be. His… killings are- they're beautiful,"

The silence between the two of them was thick and heavy, almost weighing Will down entirely. Hannibal seemed to be in thought, and maybe Will thought that Hannibal would do something to him, but he didn't and *that* was unsettling.

Then, Hannibal smiled. It confused Will, maybe even a bit more encouraging than it was intended to be.

"Then you'd be the first of the many people I have discussed about this case to say that. You're a bit closer to the Ripper mentally than they are, you seem to understand him, and you've taken him as yours," Hannibal said, almost thoughtfully. "If you don't mind me saying, but I would be almost inclined to believe that maybe you were infatuated with him. If what you say is true, then maybe the Ripper believes he's doing the world a favour by getting rid of scum,"

"You're- you're not wrong," Will said, tilting his head. "The Chesapeake Ripper believes that they are nothing, and as I said before -he's a narcissist. He's going to believe that he's doing the everyone a favour by ridding the world of them,"

"Then what will you do now that they think you are calling out to the Ripper?" Hannibal questioned. Will tilted his head in thought, his eyes scanning the area they were in. Maybe-

"You have a computer?" Hannibal was silent for a moment, thinking on whether he should answer that. Then, he nodded. "So that I *don't* have to lose my sanity with each new kill, I'll

be writing to him instead out of hope that he will notice me,"

It sounded like a good idea, but then he realised how far-fetched the idea was that the Ripper would even see his messages. What would he have to do for him to see them?

Will sucked in a breath.

"Okay, well maybe I should admit to being the killer. Call out to him, taunt him even," he said.

"And you're sure it will work?" Hannibal asked.

"Oh yeah. It will be something that only we will know," Will said, grinning.

His monster was preparing the trap, sharpening its claws like a caged animal ready to escape. He wasn't sure what he really wanted, and maybe he wasn't sure what it would do to him if he found the Ripper. All he knew was that he was going to find the Ripper, but he also knew that his monster had different plans.

I plan on being the only thing he sees until I'm bending him to my will, the monster inside of him yearned. Will's wings puffed out slightly at the thought passing through his mind and he felt that it was suitable. The Chesapeake Ripper would be *his*.

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

> I am so sorry this took so long to edit and publish. I just borrowed my brother's computer to update this because he hasn't been using this computer in ages. I'm seriously sorry, but I've updated it now, so I hope this makes up for it? :) I will be updating the next chapter as soon as possible, but now that I am looking at some of this, the chapters that I have written after this now need to be re-written. I have a better idea for this story than I originally did, and have a cleaner path to the ending. Thank you for those of you who have been patiently waiting for this!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“I can’t,” Will huffed, his eyes narrowing. “Why does this have to be so *difficult?* ” He demanded, erasing what he’d written. Hannibal was watching him in amusement, not even bothering to help him with what he was attempting.

“I thought it sounded great,” but Will didn’t know if that was meant to be serious. He just sent a glare over to Hannibal instead, slumping his shoulders as he saw the smirk directed back at him. “The most that would happen is that they were to find out where the author of the website lives. It’s not that bad,” it was definitely teasing.

“It sounds like a confession!”

“Isn’t it?”

“No, not that type of confession. It sounds like a declaration of love,”

“Oh. I don’t think it sounds that bad,”

“You’re ruffling my feathers, Hannibal,” Will huffed, his wings puffing out defensively. Hannibal slid in beside him, a low purr of amusement in his throat, a sound very unfamiliar coming from Hannibal.

“Think of it this way, then. You two are the only people reading it. Forget about me or the police, think of it as a game, as only him and you,” Hannibal said, his breath tickling Will’s ear. Will straightened, shivers sent down his spine in surprise and shock.

Just the two of them. Will leaned away from Hannibal, eyeing him in suspicion as the demon merely smirked at him. He was far too encouraging for someone meant to be a civilian, but he was also acting as if this was doctor/patient confidentiality!

Will was *not* his patient, but he did like how Hannibal was not willing to tell anyone what he was or what he did. In fact, the more he thought about it, the weirder that it got. Hannibal was

supposed to be a normal civilian, but instead he acted as if the Chesapeake Ripper wasn't a monster and didn't care that Will had killed a few people. It was like he was purposefully putting out a "so what? I already know".

He tried not to think too much into it, but the more he thought, the more it was obvious that Hannibal was in this for his own reasons. Hannibal was his own entity in the entirety of things, and he was playing his own game.

"You're creeping me out, stop getting so close," Will griped. Hannibal slightly leaned back, and Will slumped his shoulders.

"Still feeling awkward about last night?" Hannibal questioned, his hands behind his back. "I won't touch you without your permission, so it's fine if that's what you're worried about,"

Will could feel his heart rate beginning to quicken, his ears reddening and his eyes squinting only slightly. Why was Hannibal mentioning it *now* of all times?

It wasn't like Hannibal touching his wings was anything *too* weird or anything, and was he not supposed to be avoiding Hannibal anyway? He wondered when it changed, but then again it was also only because of yesterday. Did Hannibal fall asleep with him? It didn't look like it.

He started cursing himself internally, rolling his eyes. Okay, so now his attention had been divided. Now he knew the difference in what to write, and he wasn't even going to tell Hannibal what this meant. Only between him and the Ripper, huh?

"Thank you, Hannibal. I just had a great idea," Will said, confusing the demon. He now knew the difference in the tones he was going to write. He was in love with Hannibal, so this would have to be different than something he would write to Hannibal… unless he pretended to be in love with the Ripper. "Interesting," he muttered, grinning to himself.

"It would be nice to know what you're muttering over there," Hannibal said, earning a sharp glare from Will.

Hannibal left Will to do his thing in the room, his eyes sharp and inky. This wasn't what he had wanted from Will, but it was more than he could ever have imagined. Will was fitting in just nicely with him, he *wanted* Will to kill for him.

The monster inside of Will was calling for him, it needed him, and it wanted to be free. *Will* wanted to be free, but he didn't know it yet. All he needed was a little push, but he didn't know what the right method of doing so was yet; he was going to wait for as long as two years could carry them through time, then Will would be his.

But, sadly, it would seem the expression on his face would not be bypassing a certain omega. The omega always saw through the faces that him and Will put up in effort to block out any intruder in their minds, but the omega was sharp and persistent. It was like the omega always had to snuff out the abnormalities in society, to purge them as if it were his duty to -as if it was his job to destroy everything that wasn't quite right in society and do as he saw fit.

“I don’t understand you, Lecter. Here I thought that Will was abnormal, but I failed to see *you* until now. That mask you put up that falls anytime you turn away from someone is quite risky,” Ezekiel said, standing up straighter and walking towards him. “You went to that scene last night, and every time you seem to be encouraging Will to do something that he normally wouldn’t. I don’t like Will, but I hate you more than I hate him for the fact that you’re a *snake.* You’re planning something, Hannibal, and I don’t like it,”

“And I thought you were slow,” Hannibal said, tilting his head. “It seems you’re a whole lot smarter than I had predicted,” he added.

Both of them stared at each other, and Hannibal started to feel crowded.

“I know what you are, Hannibal,” Ezekiel said, turning and leaving.

Hannibal couldn’t touch him, couldn’t kill him. This was Will’s problem however he saw fit. If he killed Ezekiel, Will would know and then it would be over.

Will could feel the tension so thick between Hannibal and Ezekiel you wouldn’t have been able to cut it with a knife; the tension that should have been between him and Will and *not* Hannibal. It looked safe to be in the room, but it didn’t feel safe to be in the room and he felt like prey caught in between two predators. He passed by the two men, trying not to let them see that he knew something wrong.

But the annoyance in that, Ezekiel didn’t plan on letting him get by without saying *something* to him. That would have been too much to ask for, he supposed, but it didn’t make him feel any better.

“Are you feeling better, Will?” Ezekiel and Hannibal asked at the same time. He was startled by their sharp tones, and more by Ezekiel’s genuine worry. Something changed his mind, but he wasn’t sure what it was. It was like he felt *sorry* for Will.

“I…-“ Will contemplated going back up to his room, but both of them, angel and demon, kept him rooted to the ground with the slight fear of being hunted by a predator. His eyes narrowed at the two of them, “did I miss something?” He asked, his fingers twitching by his side.

“What make-“

“Stop,” Will barked out, cutting Hannibal off before he even had the chance to speak. “If I hear anything on the matter of what makes me think there is something wrong, then I won’t hesitate to hang both of you,” - he was vicious today, almost *ferocious* - “ in front of *everyone* in the hopes that it is utterly humiliating for you to be seen getting the same punishment as an angel.” Okay, so maybe he wasn’t in the mood for mind games, his thoughts preoccupied with the Chesapeake Ripper at the moment.

Hannibal opens and closes his mouth, usually never speechless when it comes to some type of come-back, and even Ezekiel was quiet at Will’s abrupt mood change. It was like an abrupt declaration that he was calling the shots and that he was in charge, despite that being against

his nature – alpha or not - because Will was a careful person. “Of course,” Hannibal said slowly, testing the waters before he said anything more.

For Hannibal to be on uneven terms with Ezekiel himself meant that the omega had said something to him. He knows firsthand what the omega could say to make someone cave in on themselves, but he also didn’t know anything could affect Hannibal in the way the angel had. That meant the angel knew something that could ruin Hannibal, and the demon only ever got mad at other demons.

Will’s wings flared out as he looked at Ezekiel, noticing the almost upset look that the angel threw his way. Maybe it wasn’t something that Ezekiel said, but something that Hannibal did, and the angel found out? Ezekiel looked sympathetic, and he didn’t think the angel was capable of sympathy towards any other creature but himself.

“Forget it,” Will huffed, “I don’t want to know,” he added placidly. It was like he’d quelled the conspicuous tension in the air with merely his presence, a feat he didn’t think that he would be capable of.

“How did the letter go?” Hannibal asked, changing the subject flawlessly. Ezekiel perked up, curious.

“Eventful,” Will said, even the thought of the letter making him uncomfortable. He promised himself that he wouldn’t let the Ripper get into his head, and that was what he planned on doing. Some part of him didn’t want to admit that he was looking forward to communicating with the Chesapeake Ripper, that he found it exciting and exhilarating. “Maybe intimidating,” he added.

“It only makes sense that it would be intimidating,” Hannibal said, crossing one leg over the other. He sat like a king that knew he was being admired; a peacock on display.

“Maybe exhilarating,” he admitted breathlessly, earning a raised brow from Hannibal. Will surprised himself with the words that came out of his mouth so easily, as if he didn’t have a care in the world about who’d hear him and what it could mean.

“How so?” Hannibal asked, his eyes flashing with some unknown emotion.

“He’s a killer, Hannibal. But he’s more than that; he’s an artist; a reformer,” Will said, shivering. “And he’s not just taunting them, he’s warning them. Showing them that he knows who they are, they just can’t see it. He has some relation to them, a consultant, maybe a friend, or a doctor,” he added, not even knowing he’d started to pace.

“And you know this for certain?” Hannibal asked, his eyes narrowing.

“Of course,” Will said unwaveringly. “I feel it. I looked up one of the missing agents from the case-…” there was a pause in Hannibal’s breathing for a slight second – “and I found that she had been on to one of their consultants before she went missing. I found it strange, but when I looked deeper into it, a letter made its way to the police station, and you know what they found inside of it?”

Hannibal already knew what was inside of it, but the fact that Will was already picking up on clues he had no intention on anyone finding made the angel dangerous. If he found out before he was ready, Hannibal would have to have the misfortune of being the one to dispose of Will, and he really didn't want to do that.

Will's mind is unique; different from everyone else's. He knew from the moment he laid eyes on Will, how he was defiant and submissive at the same time. There was also the way he presented as an alpha but didn't at all act like one – he was beautiful and delicate like an omega. Although, anyone could be fooled by him and anyone willing to pick a fight with him would suffer.

"A hand, the missing officer's hand. The letter only said, "guess what" with no indication that the Ripper had even sent the letter until they tested the DNA," Will said, his wings puffed out. "They're incompetent and he knows it, knows how to sway them. He's definitely affiliated with them in some way," he added.

Hannibal felt proud, wanted to congratulate Will on being so perceptive, but knew that it would give him away. Instead, he nodded along and smirked only slightly. "You seem quite sure that it was the Ripper who sent that package. What if it had been-"

"No," Will said, frowning. "She said she'd follow the lead; said she'd tell them *after* finding proof. That means whoever the Ripper is, they are held in high regards and to say something out in the open would make them lose their lead," he sighed, shrugging his shoulders.

He could feel his heart flutter in his chest, the first sign of anxiety in a very long time. Hannibal had never feared that he would be caught, but the look in Will's eyes meant he was serious about catching the Ripper. Maybe his true feelings on the matter were hidden, but Hannibal couldn't think of anything to steer him off of the path that he knew he was right on. Will was too smart for that because then he'd find out that Hannibal was the Chesapeake Ripper.

"It seems very interesting to me that you know so much about the Ripper," Hannibal said, tilting his head. "Your mind is so beautiful and dangerous. You could bring anyone down and probably not know that you're doing it until it's too late," he ended, standing.

Will furrowed his brows at Hannibal, confused.

"I was waiting on you both anyway. We've got somewhere to be today," Hannibal said, changing the subject. He tilting his head over to Ezekiel. "I expect you both to be on your best behavior. That means no arguing," he added sharply.

"Where are we going?" Ezekiel asked, jumping up from his seat. Will tilted his head, noting how late it was.

"An acquaintance has set up an appointment in a restaurant. Don't worry this time, it's going to be in a private room so the two of you don't have to worry about other demons," Hannibal said, his eyes trailing up and down Will's form. "I suggest you hurry and change," he added.

Will huffed, disappearing up the stairs. He'd forgotten what he'd originally came down to do, but it didn't matter anymore.

He quickly changed and ran down the stairs. Hannibal was waiting for him by the door, gesturing for him to leave the room. There was something unsettling about letting Hannibal walk behind him, but he just shrugged it off and ignore the look on the demon's face.

The ride there was quick, maybe too quick. It felt like Will was going towards his own doom when he saw how classy the restaurant was, and he knew that this person was definitely like all of Hannibal's other acquaintances. The whole thing was even worse when he got in and saw the people waiting in a line, some had angels, and some didn't.

There were even angel servants running around and taking orders and dropping off food, majority of them were Betas and the smaller portion were omegas in skimpy outfits (something only considered skimpy for angels). It made Will feel uncomfortable just to watch, so he turned his head and watched as Hannibal finessed the employees to skip the line and go ahead to his reservation. Clearly something was successful because they were quickly moved along in the VIP section of the restaurant.

The first person he saw upon entering was Bev and the woman from the gala. She looked better than she had been last time, and her master looked different than last time, something about her posturing tense but at the same time authoritative. It made sense, - she was an alpha – but she held herself like someone from a high stature (and not just rich).

"Hannibal, nice to see you again," she nearly purred. "Nice to see that your angel is doing better, but I don't think I've seen the other one. Might I ask what happened to him?" She gestured over to Ezekiel.

"I'm afraid I don't know much, but I am aware his wing was badly injured and his wing had to be amputated," Hannibal said, a sly smirk on his face. "How is your new job coming along?" He asked, both demons taking a seat.

"Great, except…" she paused, shaking her head. "People in congress are making a fuss on that new killer going around and ripping demons' throats out. They're saying that if it really is an angel, and an *alpha* on top of that, it's going to be mandatory to amputate their wings and clip their alpha fangs," she said, shivering as if it was the worst thing she'd ever heard of.

Will went rigid in his seat, his mouth going dry and his wings tensing up. They seemed to pass it off as the thought of having that happen to him, but he was thinking that if that were to happen, he'd have to find a more brutal way of doing so. He was starting to hate how his mind jumps to murder when something goes wrong, but he was thinking angrily now, his fists clenching in his lap.

He quickly received a kick to the shin and then looked over to see Ezekiel giving him a warning look. Will sighed, forcing himself to relax.

"Such a shame," Hannibal said, his eyes flashing. Will turned his attention to the table where he noticed that the food had already been laid out. She must have taken the opportunity to already order before they arrived. "Although I don't see why they can't just do the detective

work. If it's an angel, someone's going to have noticed their angel behaving weirdly or aggressively. Maybe an angel with a history of killing their master," both Ezekiel and Will perked up, glaring at him.

"Indeed. I've been trying to make them see reason on the slavery of angels. They lost a war, and now the whole race has to suffer on every surface of the world. It makes sense for that angel to be angry, to want to do worse to us that has been done to him," the woman said.

"Indubitable," Hannibal said, taking a sip of wine. "Do you believe the rumors that he has been trying to get in touch with the Ripper?" He questioned with a slight tilt to his head.

"No, but if he did, he'd be throwing us off of his trail," Bedelia said, her eyes sharp. Will took a bite of the food in front of him when he saw Bev and Ezekiel eating.

"Well I don't think there seems to be a pattern in his kills," Bev said, her brows furrowing. "At first when I heard about the alpha, I thought he was targeting other alphas, but then I read the article on the omega. He's probably killing when he feels cornered or in a bind, frenzied, and angry," she explained.

"What makes you think that?" Hannibal asked at the same time as Will. Bev blinked at the two of them, then squinted.

"Well, take a look at the first murder," Bev sighed. "He was hung and displayed… but he wasn't killed anywhere near there. Someone would have pointed out if there was blood in the alleys. The man was a demon and an alpha, and we know what they do to angels if they're alphas," she pointed out.

Will tensed, looking down at his plate. He completely missed the sympathetic glance from Bedelia and the possessive one made by Hannibal.

"Then there was the other two. Relations in the force are forbidden, but how much you want to bet they were mates? What if he visited the scene for clues, but ended up being cornered by the two officers? You have to admit that if demons saw an angel, they would blame the angel over the demon having done it 'cause it's easier. They could have teamed up on him and he could have gotten angry. They explained the wounds being similar to a wild animal's," Bev added. Will tilted his head.

"Well *I* for one don't blame him," Ezekiel snorted. "I'd have done the same thing in his position,"

Will didn't believe that for a second, knowing that the omega was capable of far worse as far as mutilation went. He sighed, slumping his shoulders.

"That does make sense," Hannibal said, sounding thoughtful. It gave Will the same feeling around Hannibal that normally had, despite knowing that Hannibal was openly lying to them. He opened and closed his mouth, baffled. Was Hannibal always lying, or did he tell the truth on occasion?

Some part of Will wanted to ask Bev if she agreed with his killings, but he didn't want to blow his cover over a silly friendship. His life could be taken from him, he would be killed or tortured again, and he didn't want that to happen.

He felt like a conspirator, as if he would have to lie about what he's done for the rest of his life. Will only shrugged, putting on a nonchalant face.

"Then it doesn't seem he'd be killing anytime soon," Will said, tilting his head. "He surely has to find time to kill; to escape for a short notice without his master knowing. There are very few angels who can fly right now, but I'm sure there are quite a few," he added.

"What if he escalates? What if they stop becoming accidents and start becoming something he enjoys because it makes him feel as if he's gained his power back?" Bev asked, squinting.

"And if he kills his master?" Will waved her off. "He can't because it would give him away. He knows that, but think about it from his perspective. Giving himself away is giving up his life, he's no longer just a normal slave: he's a killer. That would mean that being a slave is his alibi, as well as his freedom to do as he pleased. It gives him a reason to do what he does without the fear of getting caught because no one would think he would have the power to lash out. He's probably obedient and quite, only speaking when spoken to,"

Will knew what he would have to do if he was found out, and he wouldn't hesitate to do it. It made him tense; made him uncomfortable to think about what he was capable of doing to others. The thought of enjoying such an act was unthinkable, but when he put thought into, there was that voice in the back of his head telling him that he was being cruel to his true nature.

There was a gentle touch on his ankle, and he glanced down briefly to see Hannibal's tail rubbing against his ankle. When he met Hannibal's gaze, he saw a warning stare directed at him.

"You're quite eager to put yourself in the killer's shoes. Tell me, do *you* believe he's reaching out to the Chesapeake Ripper?" Bedelia asked him. Her eyes were staring directly into his, almost as if trying to snuff out any kind of dishonesty in his words. She was searching his soul, or it seemed like that was what she was doing.

"Maybe; maybe not. It's too early to tell, but if he *is,* then he's seen an equal in the Ripper. The Ripper doesn't kill just anybody, they've just wronged him in some type of away. It could be an angel next, or demon after that. He's precise and meticulous, he *has* to be in control. I- I think that this new killer knows that – maybe he's curious," he explained.

"Oh?" Bedelia looked amused, almost pleased, even. "I think you're right, but I'm not too certain he will call out to the Ripper. I hope not, at least," she sighed.

"I want to see how it plays out," Hannibal nearly purred.

"You've always been curious, Hannibal," Bedelia said, almost charmingly. They were very familiar with each other, Will noted.

“Is it not interesting? If the Ripper receives a message, I wonder how he will respond to it. There is no doubt that he feels like his hunting grounds have been invaded, but what will he do when there is a confrontation? We’ve been haunted by the Ripper for eleven years now,” Hannibal pointed out.

There was a silence, but Will felt intimidated by that thought. The Ripper has been killing in this place for a long time, he knows everything by now about his hunting grounds. He might even come for Will himself.

That thought made him giddy with excitement, but he didn’t show it on his face. Will only shrugged, trying to look the least amount of suspicious as he could.

“There is some pattern in the Ripper’s murders and when he kills them. *If* he responds to the first message – if it was even a message at all – then he will be sure to kill again really soon. It might even be a war between the two killers,” Will said, shivering at the thought of it.

“Maybe…” Bedelia said, watching him.

“I’m sure it’ll be fine. I just worry what this means for us angels if the new killer is caught,” Ezekiel said, his eyes narrowing. “Our wings are our pride, and to have even one of them cut off is- well, it’s awful. You don’t even want to know,” he sighed, shaking his head.

“I don’t even want to think about it, and I’m sure Will doesn’t want his fangs grinded down to nothing either. At this point, I’m hoping that this new killer destroys demons at this point, fangs or not,” Bev said, her eyes shining angrily.

It was safe to say that in front of the two demons because they looked in agreement as well. Not that it was fair to them; but that they probably found the treatment of the angels now to be awful and pointlessly cruel.

Once dinner was over, they made it back to Hannibal's home in complete silence. Will was still mulling over what Bedelia had said on a law directed towards angels. What if it was his fault in the end?

“Funny,” Ezekiel said, his tone monotonous. “You’re going to essentially doom all angels with your reckless kills,” he leaned back against the couch.

Will rolled his eyes, but he really didn’t care. All he was thinking about was how to get away with murder if he never killed again. It’s not like it would be hard, but when he thought about what she’d said he got a little jittery.

“You’re really thinking about it aren’t you?” Ezekiel said, sitting up straighter. Hannibal overheard him because the omega had gotten louder. He looked up over his papers, curious.

“Thinking about what?” Will shrugged off, playing dumb.

“What that woman-“

“Bedelia?”

“Yeah, same difference- but what she said about doing worse to them that’s been done to you,”

“No,” Will lied, his voice wavering slightly. Ezekiel gave him a dumbfounded look and then Will’s face went blank. “It’s tempting. Do you *know* the things they do to alphas? The full extent of it?”

“Well, no,” Ezekiel frowned. Will could recall how Mason was, remember what he’d done to the other alpha that had been with Will.

“Then I think I ought to tell you,” Will said menacingly. “What urged me to kill my former master; what *told* me to kill him…” there was a pause, and then he shivered. The thing that got him most was the fact that the other alpha was *dead* when he raped him. He tilted his head. “He raped an angel’s dead body, and it could have been me. It was intended for me and he got in the way, and my punishment ended up lighter. *How* can you take it that far and kill them, and *still* degrade them?” He spat, his wings fluffed out and his eyes alpha red.

There was a pause, a heavy silence in the room while Will fumed. When he really thought about it, he *did* want to do worse to them than what has been done to the angels. If he got the chance, he was sure he could burn them to the *ground* .

His anger quickly dissipated, and he was suddenly calm, maybe even too calm to have just been angry enough for his eyes to be red *and* glowing with an angel’s grace. Will pressed his palms to his eyes, then turned around and scowled at the fact that he almost let himself go completely. He’d never gotten that angry, *ever.*

“Will?” Hannibal questioned; his tone almost concerned. Will didn’t respond to him, stuck in his thoughts on what he should do. “Are you alright?” Hannibal stood and walked over to him, but he wasn’t who Will wanted to see, and it further soured his mood.

“I’m fine,” he lied, but the look on Ezekiel’s face said just a few seconds ago that he was not “fine”. In fact, Will was startled by the fact that he was in love with a demon, the same type of monster that would do such a vile act.

Hannibal felt cold for a brief second, observing the blank look on Will’s face with caution. He was not okay, and there was something else that he thought of just a few seconds ago that he was not going to share with them. Just the thought of someone even coming close to doing such a thing to Will’s body made him angry (but he of course did his best to hide that).

He wanted to hold Will, wanted to claim him in a brutal way so that everyone would *know* that he was taken.

Soon, my dear Will. Then you will join me.

Chapter End Notes

Ah yes, no preview for chapter 3. I am currently re-writing it, but I hope you have enjoyed this chapter so far! It has been too long and I was even getting annoyed with myself on not updating. I can't believe I went this long without updating this and my other story. It is kind of annoying, to be honest.

Anyway, I will try my best to update, but I can't promise that I will soon. Maybe, if I get lucky to find time to update it.

Chapter 3

Will rolled out of bed, then noticed that it was still dark outside. His body ached, and his head spun but he felt agitated. There was a feeling somewhere telling him that something had happened, and the only thing he wanted to do was check the computer. He had to know if the Ripper had seen his message, so he moved quickly to the laptop he'd borrowed in the corner of his room.

He rubbed his eyes and then typed in the password, then clicked onto the page he'd created. Of course, it had gotten a lot of people replying to it, but one message stuck out to him. Will tilted his head to get a closer look at what was shown on the screen.

"Oh," Will muttered, his eyes gazing over it once, then twice.

Did you see it?

That was all the message contained, one that stood out from the rest and he couldn't help but wonder what the Ripper was talking about. When he checked the time, it was four in the morning.

He frowned, getting up and shutting the top of the computer. His wings were aching to fly anyway, so he supposed he would just come back in two hours for breakfast. It wasn't like he would get into trouble for being out when Hannibal could care less so long as he was on time for meals.

Will got dressed, then quickly left to survey the grounds. If he took off now, he'd make it to the city and back just on time depending on how fast he flew.

The morning was cold and dewy, making his once broken wings ache painfully. He took off, not missing the way the curtain to Hannibal's room moved. It was suspicious to him, (why would it not be?) but he wouldn't say anything about it until later.

In the night, his black wings didn't stand out much, but the white shirt was illuminated by the moonlight and made him stand out. He would have smiled had he not been preoccupied with the Ripper. His heart thumped in his chest, his wings still ached, but he was otherwise enjoying the flight.

He stood on top of a tree, his eyes scanning along the outskirts of the city near the towns that took up the area. It was more likely that the kill was new and that no one had discovered it yet, so if that was the case, he'd have to hurry before someone *did* find it. How hard could it be to find one or two dead bodies?

Will scanned the ground, but before he *saw* a body, he could smell it. He had to congratulate his own sense of smell, but he was shocked to find that it was a gutted omega. His nose wrinkled, and he squatted by the body, listening out for anyone that could be creeping up on him.

The body was positioned on antlers, but he'd left behind her organs this time, displaying the meat instead. It reminded him of his first kill, but it was clearly obvious that it was not his kill. Each cut was surgical, something he was incapable of doing so meticulously. The thought was strange to him, though, the way he'd thought of her organs as just "meat".

It felt like it was just meat, but worse. Spoilt, smelled bad, *looked* bad. He stood up, realising what it was that the Ripper did with their organs. Normally it would make him sick, but when he was thinking like the Ripper, it made sense.

He was *eating* them.

Now he felt sick, but he knew he shouldn't be sick *at* the crime scene. He had to keep up the façade for the police of being infatuated with the Ripper, and that meant not caring that he was *eating* his victims.

There was movement in the bushes, and he turned his head to stare, stopping when he saw a young teenage demon beta. They looked *terrified* that he was standing over the body, but the fact that he didn't have blood on him said more than the kid was even thinking. He turned to run, pulling out his phone quickly, and Will knew what he had to do.

He didn't think about it like he should, but he was behind the beta in almost an instant, his legs running to keep up. Will tackled into the demon, wrestling the phone out of his hands and his eyes glowing a dim blue.

Will bared his fangs, keeping the beta stuck in one spot.

"I would hope to tell you that I'm *not* the Chesapeake Ripper, but it would seem almost pointless," Will snarled. "Do you know what I am?"

"N-No," the beta quivered and Will licked his fangs.

"I'd hoped you didn't, and you don't," Will snorted, crushing the phone. But the beta didn't have any intention of letting Will dominate him, so he kicked Will in the stomach. He'd have a bruise, but that was easy to hide.

The beta scrambled to get away, smacking his tail into Will's wing, and he was grateful that it wasn't barbed. At this rate, he wouldn't make it before breakfast. Maybe he'd have to climb into his room through the window and pretend he hadn't killed anyone.

He was going to let the monster have his fun this time, and tackled the beta, flying into the air with him. Will decided to kill him somewhere else, but he didn't want it to be too far away from the Ripper's kill. He wanted someone to *see* it.

So, Will knocked the beta out, his fangs hurting to bite into him. But no, he wouldn't rip his throat out this time, he'd *slice* it open.

When he looked through the beta's pockets, there was a knife. It made sense if he was out here alone, but nevertheless, he sliced open his throat and started to strip him.

There were no thoughts alone for this, nothing to clearly make out what he was doing as right or wrong, and the monster inside of him purred for attention. This wasn't thought out, this wasn't *planned,* but it worked in his favour that no one was around to see him.

He bled the man out like an animal, then sliced open his belly like he would a deer. The only thing running through Will's mind was that this man was a demon, as if it justified his actions. To him, it justified everything.

Will then bit into the man's shoulder, (it didn't matter to him that the man was naked, or that he was bleeding out and gutted) and marked him. It was entirely degrading; it was *meant* to be degrading and angry. This was *his* design, fueled by anger and rage and made into a beautiful art of his own.

This was his message to the Ripper, so he carved it into his victim's back.

He saw your art.

Will made it back, but he only had twenty minutes left to clean up the blood on himself. He scrubbed himself clean, watching the red mark on his stomach with a frown. He was sure that it would be bruised by later today, but he didn't have much time to worry about it.

They would find out sooner or later, but he'd prefer they'd not know just yet. There was a relief in his muscles, and in his mind as he thought back to killing the demon. He didn't really mind killing as much as he should, and he didn't want it to catch up to him either. If he had to, he'd kill any demon that crossed his path, and the thought didn't even deter him.

He dressed himself and then made it down into the kitchen, the smell of breakfast making him feel hungry. The thought of the Ripper eating his victims did somehow affect his appetite, and he wasn't as hungry as he usually was.

"Good morning, Will. Did you sleep well?" Hannibal asked, making eye contact with him.

"I did," Will said smoothly, glad that his quickly beating heart and anxiety didn't betray him.

"Did you receive a reply from the Ripper?" Hannibal asked as Ezekiel walked down the stairs.

"Yes," Will said, furrowing his brows. "It was weird, and short, but I knew it was him. It was the only message that stood out," he added. Not to mention that the kill was *fresh.*

There was a small glint to Hannibal's eyes as Will joined him to help in the kitchen, and he found himself wondering why Hannibal didn't comment on him going out this morning. He didn't forget about the curtain moving in the window, and he knew that Hannibal had seen him through the window of his room.

He grimaced every time he looked over to the sausage that was cooking on the stove, and he briefly wondered what kind of meat it was. It's not like Hannibal was the Chesapeake Ripper, so he knew that it wasn't demon or angel meat, so why was he so nervous to eat it? He didn't

think that Hannibal could do it, didn't think that Hannibal would kill his enemies and eat them.

Breakfast was slow, and Will found that he was eating slower than he usually was, but it looked like he was in thought, so it was probably fine. Will finished last, and got up to wash his plate, but he was stopped by Hannibal. He realised that Ezekiel was gone.

"Are you okay?" Hannibal asked, looking only slightly concerned. Will rolled his eyes.

"Yes, I'm fine," Will said, but they both knew that statement was not true. Hannibal's hand on his shoulder was gentle and comforting, but his expression was not.

They would all know later anyway, that he'd killed another person. This time, he *wanted* to do it and it wasn't based on his own instinct for survival. Will licked his lips at the thought of what he'd done and felt it flow through his body, and it was *almost* sexual. It should have disgusted him, but it didn't.

Soon they would all see, and he'd probably *die* for it if he had to. He swallowed, then looked over to Hannibal.

Hannibal was looking straight at him, his reddish-brown eyes focused on him as if waiting for something, and Will wanted to give him everything. His heart could only beat so fast around Hannibal before it felt like it would explode, but he knew that it was unacceptable. He would be gone in two years, and he wouldn't be able to do *anything* .

I'd rather die , he realised. "I'm fine," Will said again, this time he really meant it. He felt it within his own *heart.* "Although, I think there's been another murder. He replied to me; "did you see it?" long before I had a chance to wake up," he added, turning his head.

"I can ask for crime scene photocopies today for you later," Hannibal said, and Will wanted to say no. He'd already seen the body, but instead, he nodded.

"That's… fine," Will said suddenly, nervous. Hannibal smiled at him, then turned to go up the stairs. Wasn't it his day off? He tilted his head in confusion. "Uhm, today is your day off, right? So where are you going?" He asked before Hannibal made it up the stairs.

"Oh, I'm a consultant on the Chesapeake Ripper case," Hannibal said with a brief smile. Will's eyes narrowed and his mind started coming up with new theories now that Hannibal was involved. Maybe he knew who the detective that went missing was investigating? "You know, they said the offer still stands for you to join in anytime you like. It's up to you," Hannibal offered, watching as he narrowed his eyes.

"Uh- sure," Will said, gulping. "I guess I could, since I don't exactly have anything better to do. Also, I'm sure I could point them in the opposite direction of me, as awful as that sounds," he said, shrugging his shoulders.

"Really?" Hannibal looked amused, raising a brow at him. "That's immoral of you," he teased.

“Stop it,” Will huffed. “I’m only going because you are. God forbid that I go without my *master,* ” he pointed out, and Hannibal smiled.

“What more can *I* say? After all, as far as they know, you’ve been here every night,” Hannibal said, his voice smooth. It made him realise how good Hannibal was at lying, he said it as easy as breathing. “Don’t worry about it Will, I can cover for you if need be,” he added.

Will watched him leave up the stairs and then walked over to the door to put his coat on. He sucked in a breath, nervous to be going back to a place he hadn’t been since before the war started. He sighed, his fingers tingling nervously.

“Ready to go?” Hannibal asked, stopping in front of him.

“I wonder if it looks like I am ready to go,” Will sassed. Hannibal rolled his eyes, then opened the door, gesturing for Will to go first.

“Awfully sassy today, Mr. Graham,” Hannibal said, almost teasing. Will sighed and then rolled his eyes at the formality.

“Please don’t call me that,” Will said, shoving him lightly with his shoulder. “Imagine saying this in front of everyone else, I would love to see their faces,” he said, smirking.

“Then I shall,” Hannibal said, taking it the wrong way. He didn’t *actually* want that to happen, but he supposed that it would be funny. “I think that it would be humorous to see their reactions, Mr. Graham,” Hannibal fake bowed out the door and Will scoffed.

“Then should I call you *Alpha* to make it even weirder?” Will questioned, raising a brow. Hannibal had a thought, then smirked.

“Actually, you call me Dr. Lecter and I will call *you* Alpha,” Hannibal said, startling Will. He squinted, curious as to what game Hannibal thought he was playing. “That would make us questionable, but would *that* not be amusing?” He asked.

Will supposed that it would, but the way Hannibal called him Alpha was more than just suggesting, he was doing it on purpose to rile him up. They sat in silence until they arrived at the bureau and Will started to panic internally. This was where he’d been once before, in a place very similar to this. It was where he’d nearly lost his mind, and yeah, he was not too happy to go back but he had to get them off of his trail and find out more about the Ripper.

They got inside and Will sucked in a breath of the familiar smell of paper and ink. He tilted his head down at the glances he received and quietly followed after Hannibal, but there was a difference in his posture that suggested he was not submitting to them. It set some of the demons on edge at his comfortable posture around them.

When they made it to the main room, he saw Jack and involuntarily swallowed under the older man’s stare.

“Will, you decided to join us after all,” he said, but that was a lie as Will knew it. He didn’t just *decide* to join them, he was doing this for his own cause.

“What can I say? I’m certainly *interested* in the Chesapeake Ripper,” Will said, taking a small glance over to Hannibal who could only smirk at him knowingly. “I’m only allowed to be here when Dr. Lecter is here anyway,” he added.

Hannibal looked a bit startled, but only for a brief second as if he hadn’t been expecting Will to call him Dr. Lecter. He decidedly didn’t like it, thinking that his real name sounded better coming from Will’s mouth rather than Dr. Lecter.

Although he *did* like the way Will emphasised the "doctor" part of his title, but didn’t comment much on it as he let the two angels chat away. He saw one of the lead investigators and frowned as he made his way over. His alpha scent had always bothered him, but they *were* both alphas. Still, he didn’t expect his instincts to take over in a situation like this, he almost growled.

He clasped a hand over Jack’s shoulder, his eyes cold and steely as he stared at Will. Will, however, pretended he didn’t notice and stared him straight in the eyes defiantly.

“You brought your angel?” He asked Hannibal, a bit uptight. Will gave him a close-eyed smile, something he’d never seen Will do. It was entirely sarcastic.

“I don’t know, did I come with anyone else?” Will sassed, startling the lead investigator with his free-will. They both stared at each other and Hannibal pulled Will over to his side.

“Yes, he’s with me,” Hannibal said, his eyes narrowing. “I hope you will excuse him, he’s a bit prickly around other demons,” he added bluntly. Will sent him a small glare and then felt Hannibal’s tail around his leg and calmed. The other demon’s hand left Jack’s shoulder and the other angel visibly relaxed.

“Then keep a careful eye on him, I don’t want him messing anything up or tampering with evidence,” he held out a hand to Will who merely blinked at it like it was toxic. Will reluctantly took his hand for a shake, shivering at his fake civility. “My name is SSA Morgan Williams,”

Oh, great. Will had never hated his name more, and yet he still put on a smile. “Nice to meet you. I’m Will Graham,” *Former FBI consultant.* He thought the last part bitterly.

“Likewise,” an obvious lie, but it didn’t matter. As soon as Morgan’s fingers loosened, Will didn’t even wait for his hand to lower before he nearly snatched his hand away. Morgan turned to Hannibal. “There’s been *three* new killings,” he said.

Will and Hannibal looked at each other in confusion, the thought of another killer making Will shiver. He wondered what was going on, and when Morgan urged them to follow, he did so without hesitation.

“The Tooth Fairy is back,” Morgan said, furrowing his brows. “And like it couldn’t get any worse, we now have *three* serial killers running the grounds of this goddamned state,” he hissed out.

“Three?” Will piped up, furrowing his brows.

“Yeah, the press is calling the angel killer, the *Ripper's Bride* . It was made as a joke, but he's *also* killed his fourth victim last night, and now the press is spreading articles and false information. Now we believe he's opened a website, that cocky bastard,” Morgan growled. Will stifled a laugh, earning an elbow in the side from Hannibal, who only shook his head in disappointment at him. “His latest kill was also right next to the Ripper's and there was a message. Now we've got *two* biters, one that cut's his victims throats, and one that goes after families,”

Will frowned when they were led into the room, three different boards set up with each of their victim's information. They virtually had nothing on either killer, which probably frustrated them to no end, and he was finding it amusing to see that they had nothing.

“The ripper displayed his latest victim on *antlers,* but this time he didn't take her organs. He left them to hang near the body, which has been the first shift in his M.O. since he began killing,” Jack said, gesturing to the bored with furrowed brows. “The angel killer, as we're assuming, must have seen it before any of us did. Maybe he was cornered by a demon passing by,”

“How can you be sure?” Will asked, his expression feigning intrigue.

“Well, there was a message carved into his victim's back. Must have taken a while, but it was too neat suggesting that he was in full control of his actions when he made the kill,” Morgan butted in, pressing a button on the projector and pulling up the image of his kill. At the sight of it, Will's heart thrummed in his chest, almost as if he was proud. “He's seen your art” it reads, flashing in Will's eyes again. He sucked in a breath. “This message alone tells us that he was indeed cornered, but he should have been frantic like all of his other victims. There should have been some sign showing that they fought before he killed them, but this time it only looked like he thought to run,” Morgan said, looking disturbed at the idea that he could change modes. “He's… escalating,” he muttered.

Will looked over to the photos, his eyes blank and void of expression as he did so. There was a comforting press to his side, and he looked over to see Hannibal pressing closer to him. The fire in Hannibal's eyes was less than comforting, though, and they almost seemed to demand an explanation.

“Maybe he's learning how to be more precise about what he does. He's been reckless so far, and the others were unplanned much like this time; this time he could be making do with what he has. Maybe he discarded his clothes on the way home, changed into something cleaner so it didn't look like he had been out, but I doubt it,” Will said, shrugging his shoulders.

“A killer like that? He was in a frenzy with his other murders, and this time he's gutting his victims like a pro,” Jack said.

“The way he killed this victim *is* different, but what strikes me as odd is the way he cuts his victims. Almost like a surgeon or a butcher,” Morgan said.

“He's a natural born hunter, made to kill,” Hannibal said calmly. “He hung his victim like a deer, bled them out by the cut on their throat. Then he cut from the sternum down to the

sacrum. The line was steady, but I don't believe he is a surgeon. Maybe he knows a little, but it's most likely that he was a deer hunter,"

"What about the "Tooth Fairy"?" Will asked, noticing how Jack's and Morgan's faces slowly become very grim. He realises he's touched a soft spot, but he wasn't too sure how it was.

"He's been gone for two years," Morgan started. "Three years ago, he started killing, but we're not sure now if he's an angel or a demon. He bites his victims, but he's not an alpha and he has no fangs. When he first started killing, people were calling him the scraggly toothed killer, and now they call him the Tooth Fairy," as he said this, he pulled up a picture of the bite marks on all of his victims' necks. Scraggly toothed indeed, but more painful and harmful than an alpha's fangs by the shape of them on the skin. It was like he'd sharpened them like a blade, piercing down to the bone, and it was enough to make Will's fangs hurt just thinking about it.

"We checked dental records-…" Jack started, and Will thought back to the time when Mason had been raging about getting his teeth checked. He'd been livid.

"Oh, I think I remember that," Will said, tilting his head. "Wait-…" he pointed to the picture of the crime scene. There was an angel dead as well. "He kills angels too?" He asked, his eyes wide. "But they're not a part of the family, so why does he kill them? I was under the impression that he only killed the family members,"

"Well, that *is* the family's angel, so it only makes sense. Anyway, we didn't bother with the angel, not like you can't get more," Morgan grunted. Jack and Will both soured at this and Will began to think about all the ways that he could rip into the demon's throat. They didn't seem to notice his sudden hostility, but Hannibal could smell it, and he put a comforting hand on Will's shoulder, no doubt thinking of something himself. "The point is, he doesn't care who he's killing. He derives pleasure from killing in its entirety, just like the Ripper," he said.

"It's not that the Ripper loves killing," Will blurted out, shrugging his shoulders. "He finds his victims unworthy, maybe even disgusting. He cuts them open to show the world of how disgusting they were on the inside, and he believes that he is reforming them. Death is their redemption," he said sharply.

"How do you know so much about the Chesapeake Ripper?" Morgan demanded, no doubt suspicious of him already. Will tilted his head.

"The way the bodies are displayed. I have seen the photos of the crime scenes, I asked Hannibal for them," Will said, staring at Morgan nonchalantly. "I was sure that you'd known about that, but I guess I was wrong,"

"It's fine, Will used to pick up on stuff like this all the time before the war," Jack said, furrowing his brows at Will. "There was a case a long time ago about the Minnesota Shrike, and Will…"

Will looked up, glaring at Jack in warning.

"Well, he's still out there," Jack said, sighing. "We couldn't catch him,"

Will didn't want to think about that failure, didn't want to think about how the angel had done him. Garrett Jacob Hobbs. His teeth ached in rage, and he knew that if he ever saw him again, he'd tear out his throat entirely. It wasn't like they couldn't catch him, it was that he was prepared for the police to catch up with him, and had planned it out for days to make his escape.

"Do you believe what they say about the angel killer being infatuated with the Ripper?" Hannibal asked, tilting his head. "A colleague of mine suggested that it could be the fact that he would pretend to be infatuated to throw off the police," he added.

Will's eyes snapped over to Hannibal, and he realised how smoothly that he was talking. This didn't phase him in the slightest, and yet… he looked worried. He shivered when he felt Hannibal's tail ghost over his ankle, and briefly met his eyes. They seemed to be telling him to calm down, to let him take over the situation, and yet there was something darker within his expression that scared Will.

If anyone was talking, Will didn't hear it between his thoughts and the feel of Hannibal's tail rubbing over his leg soothingly. Hannibal looked intent on trying to make Will more obvious, but he had some kind of plan for that.

"Of course, it's obvious," Jack said, frowning. "He practically shouts it to the world," he added. Will sighed, stealing a glance at Hannibal.

"What if Dr. Lecter is right? It could be a ruse to tip you off, maybe even make you think that he is *obsessed* with him. After all, obsession in killers says a lot about their personality," Will said, looking thoughtful.

"Then they're manipulative," Morgan said, looking at the pictures being shown on the projector. "Their main goal might even be to lure out the Chesapeake Ripper, but then what?" he added.

Will stared into his eyes, his pupils almost narrowed to slits. "We'll just have to see, won't we? It's too early to tell, and it *sucks* that we have to wait for them to keep killing. We don't even have a lead on either of them, and the longer we wait, the more people they're going to kill," Will sounded genuinely frustrated, but mostly because he knew the feeling of frustration at not being able to catch a criminal. Now he saw the appeal to it.

Whatever brief suspicion they had on him disappeared and Will could feel it in his bones, the relief that came with knowing they wouldn't suspect him for a while. But that didn't mean he was not going to get caught later; he'd have to step up his game.

Hannibal rested a comforting hand on his shoulder and Will flinched only slightly. "Don't worry, they will be caught soon," he said softly. The touch made Will shiver, and he suddenly couldn't bear to be away from Hannibal.

"You only hope they can be caught soon. With the way it's looking, soon they will all be communicating," Will said, although he really didn't mean it. The alarm in Jack's and Morgan's faces showed that wasn't the right thing to say, but now that he said it out loud, it was becoming more and more feasible. Will sighed, then shivered at the thought of all three

of them talking back and forth. If that happened, everyone would panic and then there would be *more* problems to deal with than just the cops.

“I only hope that doesn’t happen,” Jack said, his voice tight.

“You know how much chaos that would be? Everyone would be panicking,” Morgan said.

“The only thing that would be harder is their killing. If one of them thinks that they have a mission, then they will be more likely to kill even while people are tense and on the lookout around the neighbourhoods,” Will said. “That’s when you’ll find at least one of them, and maybe he will lead you to the other two,” he added.

Hannibal’s hand drops from his shoulder but Will saw him tense slightly from the corner of his eyes. Of course, that didn’t raise any alarm bells, but he did store that information away in his mind somewhere. The movement was so tiny that it was only unreadable, except, of course to Will.

“If only,” Jack said in disbelief and Will shrugged.

“That’s only *if* they start communicating. The unlucky part is if they start communicating and we catch one, and they *don’t* reveal where the others are. Although, anything can happen,” Will said, his wings pulling closer to his back. “I hope you realise that it’s long too early for us to start thinking of things like this. They are probably likely to kill each other instead. It depends on how the Ripper reacts to the angel killer and how they react to the Tooth Fairy. Although, if they did kill each other, one or two might survive but they won’t stay in the area,” Will added, shrugging. “It would be too risky for them to stay, unless of course they’re really good at uncovering their tracks in their messages,” he added.

Will was clearly getting to them, and the only thing he could do was smile. His job in confusing them had worked, planting false fears inside of their heads. Although, the Tooth Fairy had not been his plan, and *what* kind of name was the Ripper’s Bride!? He didn’t show his anger at that name, but he did look displeased.

He would be back, but it wouldn’t be to necessarily help them. After all, he wasn’t interested in *helping* them find him, and now he wanted to keep the Chesapeake Ripper to himself. He could use the Tooth Fairy, though. Maybe that wouldn’t be a bad idea

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